

# THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
191 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

WILLIAM BOOTH  
FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH  
GENERAL

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS  
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg

VOL. VII. No. 27. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, July 3, 1926

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



On July 5th, Founder's Day, we honor the memory of William Booth, the Army's first General. The little girl in the above photo is the Founder's youngest granddaughter, Muriel Booth-Tucker, now a Captain in the British Field. A biographical sketch of the Founder by Harold Begbie will be found on Page 3.

# AN UNCHANGING CHRIST

By THE ARMY FOUNDER

THE world is a world of change from the beginning of life to the end. Many of its changes are usual and profitable, and therefore, interesting and desirable. For instance, there are the seasons. Winter changes into spring, then comes summer, which is followed by autumn, and then we have winter again. What interest, profit and pleasure these changes impart to our lives!

Again, there is the weather. We are always complaining of its fickleness—at least some of us are; but only think of the benefits the changes about which we grumble too heartily often bring to us. We should not like to be always hot or always cold, however much we may prefer at times to have a long spell of either the one or the other.

Then there are the changes from poverty to riches, from riches to poverty, from bondage to liberty, and again, from liberty to bondage, which we often hear about. All these things have their advantages, for—He knows not the worth of health and freedom,

Who has been always well and always free.

Then there are the changes of comradeship and command which we, as Salvationists, are constantly experiencing. The coming and going of the Officers of the Corps, or of the Division, or even of those in higher positions still, making things not only more useful, but more lively.

## Childhood to Maturity

And then the changes which belong to our passing from childhood to youth and from youth to maturity, are also of great interest. What a different thing life would have been had we all come into the world full-grown men and women! And yet I do not think such an arrangement would have been as good for us, or that we should have liked it so well as the present one.

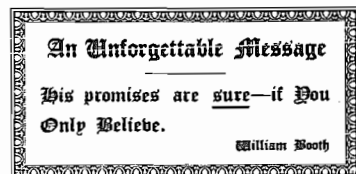
Again, there is the change that comes last of all—the passing out of time into eternity. Death is, at best, a mournful event, but none of us who has a good hope of the change from earth to Heaven would wish to continue in this world for ever. Although we shrink from parting with our loved ones when they pass away before us, or reluctantly leave them behind when our departure precedes theirs, the hope of meeting them again adds a charm to the Celestial World which it could not possibly have otherwise possessed.

But there are some changes which cannot be considered either profitable or desirable. For instance, there is backsliding—going back on pledges; breaking your vows to your Lord; deserting the Flag; leaving your com-

rades to struggle forward as best they can; throwing up your hope of Heaven, and crucifying your Saviour afresh. That is a shameful and distressing change. If anyone now reading this message has been guilty of such conduct, and has not repented and returned to the Lord, let me implore him to make the change from the miserable conditions of the prodigal in the far country to the gladness and plenty of the Father's heart and arms.

Some personal changes are deplorable. For two hearts and lives once joined together in close affection, like David's and Jonathan's, to be separated in spirit and action, must be a distressing change indeed, no matter how the severance may have been brought about. But when those hearts belong to members of the same family the change is more painful still.

When, on account of sickness, or old age, or for any other cause, children get tired of their parents, count them a burden, throw off their guidance, and leave them to their



fate, they neglect one of their most sacred duties, and displease Him Who said, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

What a calamity it must be when a husband's affection for his wife, or a daughter's love for her mother, changes into indifference, hatred, or something more dreadful still! It seems to me that there is only one change which could cause more pain to a human heart, and that would be if the Saviour were to change.

Think, only think, what it would mean if the Saviour were to change!

So that He could no longer make His sun to rise and His rain to fall on the evil and on the good; if He could no longer bestow His convincing, guiding, comforting Spirit; if He were to grow weary of interceding at the Father's right hand; if He could no longer forgive repentant sinners or perform other works of mercy—can you realize how calamitous that change would be?

But—ten thousand Hallelujahs!—there is a Friend who changes not! His name is Jesus! As the good old song has it:

One there is above all others—

Oh, how He loves!  
His is love beyond a brother's—  
Oh, how He loves!  
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,  
One day soothe, the next deceive us;  
But this Friend will never leave us—  
Oh, how He loves!  
He is the same yesterday, and today, and for ever. That means He loves us as much today as He did the hour He came down from Heaven to save us.

Oh, how He must have loved you, my comrades on that day, to face for you the humiliation, hardship, scorn, and suffering that He endured! And I want you to see and feel that He loves you just as much today.

He knew all about your unworthiness; He foresaw your unfaithfulness; He realised the poor return you would make for His love; but these things did not deter Him from coming. He has not altered. He has not given you up. You have not worn out His compassion. He still has the same pitying love for you. He is just the same today. He loves you the same as He did at that solemn moment when He died for you.

Job says: "All that a man hath will he give up for his life." Jesus gave up His life for you. What a love that must have been! You may have friends who would be willing to give their money, or their time, or their country, to save you from suffering or death, but very few who would give up their lives. But Jesus gave up His life for you. What a love that must have been! And He loves you as well today as He did when He broke His mighty heart for you on the Cross. He loves you as well as when He called you to be His son or His daughter.

## A Wonderful Moment

Do you remember that hour when He whispered in your heart, "Your sins are all forgiven," and when He said, "Follow Me"? Oh, what a wonderful moment that was! And He loves you just as much today as He did then. He will never fail you.

But, oh, let me ask, "Have you changed? Are you the same to Him?"

You loved Him in the days gone by. You worshipped Him. You praised Him. You spoke of His love with great delight to whomsoever would listen. Are you the same today?

You served Him. It was your joy to stand up for Him in the street; to testify for Him; to give Him your time, your money, your children, your life. Is it your delight to fight for Him today? If you can say "Yes," then I rejoice with you.

But if any change has taken place in your assurance, in your joy or in your usefulness, the cause lies with you, for He is "the same yesterday, and today, and for ever."

## Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Isaiah 49: 1-16. "He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water." The Lord Who redeems His people becomes their tender Shepherd and faithful Guide. No harm can befall them while they follow Him. They shall not want for food, for shelter from the heat, for rest and refreshment by the way, for a plain, straight pathway, (vv. 9, 10, 11).

"Lord, our only Hope and Guide, Keep us ever at Thy side, Moving on to Zion's hill, Homeward still!"

Monday, Isaiah 50: 4-11. "He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ears to hear as they that are taught." (Revised Version.) This is what God means your daily Bible-Reading to be to you. If you will only listen He will teach you, explain difficulties, and keep you from making mistakes. Surely it is worth while rising a little earlier to get his help and blessing.

Tuesday, Isaiah 51: 1-8. "Ye that know righteousness, . . . fear ye not the reproach of men." George Muller, of Bristol, giving his experience, says: "The Lord led me to see what is my true glory in this world, even to be despised with Christ. I saw that it becomes the servant to seek to be rich and great and honored in that world where his Lord was poor and mean and despised."

Wednesday, Isaiah 51: 9-16. "Afraid of a man, . . . forgettest the Lord." How terribly afraid we are of each other! We think of people's likes and dislikes, their ridicule and disapproval, and all the time we forget to ask what God thinks and what He wants us to do. Let us seek His approval first, then the fear of others will cease to hinder us, and we shall be strong to do our duty.

Thursday, 2 Corinthians 1: 1-11. "God . . . comforteth us. . . that we may be able to comfort." Sorrow and suffering often bring to us gifts which

could never otherwise be comfort of God, and still others are two of the most precious of these.

When, in our sorrow, we turn to "the God of all comfort," and receive strength to bear it with a brave, patient spirit, from us there passes silently to those about us strength and comfort and encouragement.

Friday, 2 Corinthians 1: 12-24. "All the promises of God in Him are yea," "But the tree of the Promises will not drop its fruits, unless shaken by the hand of prayer." "Ye have not, because ye ask not." "Ask and ye shall receive." Let us ask then in the name of Jesus and with the simple faith and definiteness of children,

"For His grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much."

Saturday, 2 Corinthians 2: 1-17. "Who is sufficient for these things?" The world is asking for a religion which

satisfies and is sufficient for the little day cares of life as well as for its great sorrows. Do our lives answer this question by showing, as Paul says, that "our sufficiency is of God?" Or do we disappoint hungry souls by showing that we have not even given enough for ourselves, and so cannot attempt to help others?

## Holiness Gems

Holiness is indispensable to complete usefulness.

That cannot be Christianity which is not aggressive.

Resolve to be perfect in yourselves, not of yourselves.

The nearer we get to Calvary the firmer our resolutions become.

Indwelling sin is not only the sting of death, but the very hell of hell.

It is precious when we see as we believe, but yet more blessed to believe and not see.

# WILLIAM BOOTH—Founder of the Salvation Army

By Harold Begbie

WILLIAM BOOTH is likely to remain for many centuries one of the signal figures in human history. Therefore, to paint his portrait faithfully for the eyes of those who come after us, has been my cardinal consideration in preparing these pages.

If I have succeeded in my work, posterity will be able to feel something of the power of William Booth's personality, and to understand how it was his spirit clothed the human heart in so many lands and in almost all the varied circumstances of mortal life.

From a study of the Nottingham date book, it could seem that the unchronicled occurrence of William Booth's birth in 1829 was preceded and accompanied by events almost as horrible and alarming as any that ever intimidated the decent inhabitants of a civilized English town. Nature at that time showed her most ferocious face to the midland capital; and man, who is said to begin where nature ends, seems to have had no difficulty in exceeding these excesses of environment. It was a period of tremendous storms and of horrible brutality; of thunder, lightning and devastating rains; of hideous crimes and outrageous destitution. Nine

that threatened him. He was a boy, and he got no help at all from his father, in his home. He was a boy, and he got no help at all from his father, in his home. He was a boy, and he got no help at all from his father, in his home.

But when he came to the age of writing of his mother, he found her describing an angel.

"I had a good mother," he said, "and she has ever appeared to me. She said that all I know of the world is a struggling contradiction of the nature of human depravity. I am not a fully accepted that doctrine. I do not deny it now; but my father and mother always appeared to me as exceptions to the rule. I loved my mother. From infancy to manhood I lived in her. Home was not home to me without her. I do not remember any single act of willful disobedience on my part to her wishes. When my father died I was passionately attached to my mother that I can recollect that, deeply though I felt his loss, my grief was all but forbidden by the thought that it was not my mother who had been taken from me. And yet one of the regrets that has followed me to the present hour is that I did not sufficiently value the treasure while I possessed it, and that I did not with sufficient tenderness and assiduity at that time, attempt the impossible task of repaying the immeasurable debt which I owed to that mother's love."

He played back in the streets with a wooden no, much to the annoyance of the village constable, who was a cobbler; he entered into the run of Plough Mondays, when men dressed up in oxskins with horns on their heads went about the town thrusting their faces into doorways and windows demanding money.

**Leader Among Companions**  
"Wild Will" shared in all the games and excitements of Scintion boys, and he spent as much time as any of them in the market, in the fields, and on the river-side, having little love for the home which was dark with misery and oppressive with the scene of ruin. His ardent, passionate, and impulsive nature made him a leader among his companions, and looking back on those days, when there was no religious influence on his character and no attempt of any kind to shape him nobly, he exclaimed, "I have often wondered why I did not go straight to Hell!"

But his faults were evidently of no very serious nature, for he was able to declare with a conscience, "I never knew an hour's real anxiety in my life."

The calling in of a mortgage precipitated his father's ruin. The family was plunged into poverty. "The purpose of making 'me a gentleman,'" says William Booth, "was defeated." He was taken away from school and sent into business. He was thirteen years of age.

The boy had been trained to regard himself as a gentleman's son. He was the leader of his playfellows. He had been sent to a good school. He was in every way something of a hero. And now, at the age of thirteen, he was to be a pawnbroker's son for his living and learned that he was to serve in a small pawnbroker's shop in the poorest part of Nottingham.

In all his writings I can find no trace of a direct reference of the nature of this employment. He speaks of "a business," or of "a trade," never once can he force himself to say that he was a pawnbroker's son. And yet there can be no doubt at all but that it was the associations of this business which had a determining effect upon his after life. He became deeply acquainted with the misery of other people. There had been misery enough in his own childhood, but it was a form of misery that isolated him from the world. He felt his position, and knew that his parents endeavored to hide their poverty from their neighbors, as though all the neighbors were respectable and prosperous, they were not.

But now he learned that many other people were fighting against poverty, and grew to know that suffering and sorrow, deprivation and shame, positive penury and want, drag their net in a wide sea of human misery.

He had not reached that point when

the soul determines to act with decision. He came nearer to the great step at the services in which he took part, at the occasional class meetings, where he answered the questions of his leader concerning the state of his soul; but he could not bring himself to the actual deed of public surrender. Something held him back. It was the memory of sin. "The inward Light revealed to me," he says, "that I must not only renounce everything I knew to be sinful, but make restitution, so far as I had the ability, for any wrong I had done to others before I could find peace with God."

"The entrance to the Heavenly Kingdom was closed against me by an evil act of the past which required restitution. In a boyish trading affair I had managed to make profit out of my companions, whilst giving them to suppose that what I was all in the way of generous fellowship. As a testimonial of their gratitude they had given me a silver pencil case. Merely to return their gift was a humiliation to which for some days I could not bring myself."

**The Burden Laid Away**  
"I remember, as if it were but yesterday," he goes on, "the spot in the corner of the room under the eaves, the hour, the resolution to end the matter, the rising up and rushing forth, the finding of the young fellow I had chiefly wronged, the acknowledgment of my sin, the return of the pencil case, the instant rolling away from my heart of the guilty burden, the peace that came, and the going forth to serve my God and my generation from that hour."

"I felt that I could willingly and joyfully travel to the ends of the earth for Jesus Christ, and suffer anything imaginable to help the souls of other men."

"One reason," he says, "for the victory I did gain from the moment of my conversion was, no doubt, my complete and immediate separation from the godless world. I turned my back upon it, I gave it up, having made up my mind beforehand that if I did go in for God I would do it with all my might."

The greatest influence upon William Booth was exercised, beyond all question, by the American evangelist, James Caughey, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This man attracted enormous crowds to Wesley chapel, and brought about an undoubted revival of religion in the town. It exercised a profound influence upon William Booth's astonishing career.

The visit of James Caughey occurred at this time. William Booth caught fire from the flame of the revivalist's oratory. He was deeply and pervasively influenced by the uncompromising realism of the American preacher. He went to all the services he could attend, he joined in the singing of some of Charles Wesley's old hymns, battle songs, he witnessed scenes of conversion which were extraordinary in excitement, and he saw the lives of many of his neighbors the veritable miracle of a new birth. Here, at last, was a religion in action, the real and living religion of his dreams. He gave up everything else, and presently was laid by with a raging fever.

**A Rallying Message**  
While he tossed on his bed, over the dim, shabby shop in which Widow Booth sold tape and cotton, a message was brought to him from Will Sansome, the boon companion of his youth—a message which very probably saved his life. Sansome sent him word that he was starting an open-air mission in the slums of Nottingham, and bade him get well quickly and come and help him. Here was the medicine and vocation in one! The message rallied the spirit of the sick man; it was like a new lease of life to his drooping soul; and he rose from his bed as soon as he had strength to stand, and went back to his work and out, for the first time to religious activity.

The life of the man begins from 1846, the time of his call to the open-air work. William Booth, the leader of everything, was shy and self-conscious of speaking in the open or of speaking at all in public.

He joined in the services but would neither preach nor pray.

William Booth contented himself with standing in the group, with singing in the hymns, with exclaiming "Amen" in the prayers and with speaking privately to those who surrounded the company. But the instance of David Greenbury effected a change. He urged upon the young man that it was his duty to speak, that he owed it to God to conquer his timidity, which was a form of selfishness.

With the same abandon that had characterized his surrender two years before to the urgency of conscience, he now not only threw himself into the work of preaching but became the recognized leader of the group.

"The Meetings we held," he says, "were very remarkable for those days. We used to take a chair out into the street and one of us mounting it would give a hymn which we then sang with the help of, at the most, two or three people. Then I would talk to the people, and invite them to come with us to a Meeting in one of the houses."

Once, while he was preaching in Pump Street, a man who had stopped to listen suddenly shouted out, shaking his fist at the preacher, "You liar!" And William Booth just looked at him and said in a very soft, kindly voice, "Friend, it was for you He died; stop and be saved." He was always like that.

**An Apostle to Lads**  
William Booth made himself an apostle to the lads of Nottingham slums; he preached to them in the open, gathered a circle about him, and was on fire to



How William Booth received his first religious impression.

When just a lad he walked one day into the shop of a humble shoemaker named Gregory, whose kindly life had often struck him.

"Willie Booth," said the old man with all the tenderness of a father, "do you know that religion comes to you from outside of you?" The idea haunted the boy, and made him enquire further what the shoemaker meant.

months before the birth of William Booth the town was swept and flooded by the most angry tempest within living memory; three days after his birth immense masses of rock gave way both in the center of the town and in the then neighboring hamlet of Scintion, plunging down in many hundreds of tons upon the houses beneath.

The house in which William Booth was born is still standing and is still known by its former designation, 12 Nottingham Place, Scintion.

In this house, then, William Booth, the greatest religious force of modern days and one of the most picturesque and heroic figures of the nineteenth century, was born on the 12th day of April, 1829.

## His Childhood and Parents

It appears to me quite evident that William Booth's childhood was unhappy. I think he got no help at all from his father, and very little encouragement from his mother. Mary Booth, his mother, appears to have been absorbed during the whole of her married life in the anxieties and disasters of her husband's speculations. She seems to have felt her poverty acutely, and to have shrunk from the world in consequence. She worked for her children, she nursed her husband in his last illness, she did all she could to avert the final catastrophe of ruin; but she was a somber, sad, silent and tragic figure in



A zealous young preacher. As a young man the Founder often had to run home after conducting a Sunday night meeting in order to avoid being shut out of his lodgings.

bringing them within the fold of the Methodists. If he were happy kneeling in the streets at night and praying with them he desired to be happier still by praying with them on Sunday, praying with these ragged toughs and roughs within the sacred walls of Wesley Chapel. And so it came about one Sunday that he marched the first regiment of the ragged and neglected into the aisles of the most respectable Temple, conducted them into one of the best pews he could find and sat among them almost quivering with satisfaction and delight. But the effect of this invasion was not what he had hoped. The young enthusiast was called before authority, was argued with, was instructed and finally told that he might bring these outcasts into the chapel only if he entered by the back door (invisible behind the pulpit) and seated his converts in obscure benches reserved particularly for the impecunious and shabby.

**Opposed by Family**  
At the beginning of his religious zeal he was opposed by his family. His efforts to spiritualize the life of his home were met with impatience and counter-attacks upon his new-found theology. Presently he gained his elder sister, Ann; later he won his invalid sister, Emma; and later still, Mary Booth, his mother, surrendered to his insistent appeals. At his nineteenth birthday, in the year of his

(Continued on page 4)

apprenticeship came to an end," he writes. "I had done my six years' service and was hourly glad to be free from the bitter and humiliating bondage they proved. But I was still under the necessity to work, and a situation had to be sought. I tried hard to find some kind of labor that would give me more liberty to carry out my aggressive ideas in the way of saving the lost, but I failed. For twelve months I waited. Those months were among the most desolate of my life. No one took the slightest interest in me."

He was cast down, rejected, humiliated and almost crushed. There was William Booth, hunting the streets of prosperous Nottingham for honorable employment.



A CARTOON OF THE FOUNDER

This appeared in the "Daily Mirror" at the time the Darkest England Scheme was launched. Mr. Bumbe, ponderous and self-complacent, and ill-disposed to have his feelings hurt, stands passive in the presence of derisive, whilst the Founder, realizing that it is time for action rather than reflection, steps in with instant relief.

working by night in the slums, giving himself Sunday to the work of the chapel, seeking sinners, praying in cottages, visiting the sick and dying, reading Finney's sermons and lectures, studying the work of Whitefield and Wesley, protesting his faith at home that God would surely provide for him, and at the end of twelve months not a door had opened.

"I had to move away," he says; and, like many another adventurer, with empty pockets and a fighting spirit, he set his face towards London.

Like St. Paul, he determined to know nothing but Christ, and Him crucified. He came to London with the Bible, and from London he carried that Bible throughout the world.

#### Alone in London

He arrived in London as a seeker of work, the son of a poor and struggling mother in the Provinces, with no influence, with no money and with no friends.

In the notes made for his autobiography, he set down under the title of "London," the one word "loneliness." This word stood for infinitely more than that sensation of solitude and depression. It stood for tragedy and bitter grief.

He was now quite friendless and homeless. No agency existed to which he could apply for assistance, no brotherhood or society where he could count upon kindness and welcome. He was solitary in London, solitary and poor, with nothing but his Bible for consolation. And it was necessary for him to have bread that he might live even in dejection and poverty.

Among the disappointments which met our young venture in London was the impossibility of getting work outside of a pawnbrokers' business. He had come to dislike the business. He was twenty years of age. His idea was to preach on Sunday and work for his living during the weekdays, pushing his fortunes with all his might for the sake of his mother and sisters as well as himself. But there was no work for him except his old work, and accordingly into a pawnbroker's shop in Walworth he went to earn his living.

"I was practically a white slave, being only allowed my liberty on the Sabbath, and an hour or two one night a week, and then the rule was that by 10 o'clock of the door will be locked against you. This law was rigidly enforced in my case, although he knew that I traveled long distances preaching the Gospel, in which he and his sanctimonious wife professed to believe. To get home in time, many a Sunday night I had to go out of breath, after walking long distances and preaching twice in the day."

Mr. Rabbits said to me one day: "You must leave the business and wholly devote yourself to the preaching of the Gospel." "Impossible," I answered. "There is no way for me. Nobody wants me; nobody wants me."

"Yes," said he, "the people with whom you have allied yourself want an evangelist."

"They cannot support me," I replied, "and I cannot live on air."

"That is true, no doubt," was his answer. "How much can you live on?"

"After a careful calculation I told him I did not see how I could get along with less than twelve shillings (about three dollars) a week."

"Nonsense," he said, "you cannot do without twenty shillings a week, I am sure."

"All right," I said, "have it your own way, if you will; but where is the twenty shillings to come from?"

"I will supply it," he said, "for the first three months at least."

"Very good," I answered. And the bargain was struck then and there.

"I at once gave notice to my master, who was very angry, and said, 'If it is more money you want, that is not my work.'"

"I told him that money had nothing to do with the question, that all I wanted was the opportunity to spend my life and powers publishing the Saviour to a lost world. And so I packed my portmanteau and went out to begin a new life."

Three things marked the day that followed the one in which I shook hands with my cold-hearted master and said good-by, one of which proved itself of no little importance, both to myself and to the world at large in the years that followed. The first day of my freedom was Good Friday; it was also my birthday—the 10th of April. The third and most important event of all was that, on that day I fell head over ears in love with the precious woman who afterwards became my wife.

#### Meeting His Life's Partner

Among the people to whom Mr. Rabbits introduced William Booth was a family named Mumford, living in Brixton—at that time a somewhat picturesque suburb of London, more or less fashionable among rich city merchants. A daughter of this house, for whose opinion Mr. Rabbits entertained a great respect, had expressed admiration of a sermon preached by William Booth as a layman. Mr. Rabbits had reported this admiration to the young preacher, and had arranged that he should make acquaintance with the Mumfords. From their first meeting both William Booth and Catherine Mumford were conscious of a strong liking for each other, but it was not until he had entered upon the period of study and preparation for ministry among the Reformers, and on the first day of his freedom from a secular life, that he fell head over ears in love with this remarkable woman.

On the 6th of June, 1855, William Booth and Catherine Mumford, both being twenty-six years of age, were married.

The honeymoon was spent at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Then the Reverend and Mrs. William Booth, of the Methodist New Connexion, started off for a religious campaign in Guernsey.

So great had been the success of William Booth's various missions that the Annual Conference of the New Connexion, which was held a little time before his marriage, freed him from his circuit in London, and appointed him to the work of roving evangelist, "to give the various circuits an opportunity of having his services during the coming year."

In this way the young married couple were held a little time to spend some considerable time of their life without the comfort and convenience of a home.

#### Difficult Family Life

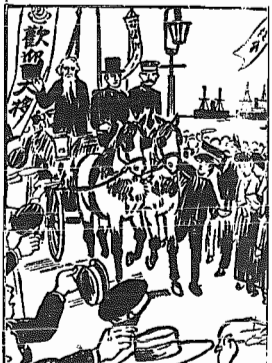
Their first child, William Bramwell Booth, was born on March 8th, 1856. This birth began for William and Catherine Booth as difficult a family life as can be imagined. They were poor; they had no home; their future was always threatened with disaster; and the manner of their lives was the very last one would have thought compatible with domestic happiness and family affection. Furthermore, this William Booth was delicate and Catherine Booth was almost a complete invalid. They went like gypsies from town to town, living in lodgings, and plunging themselves at every fresh adventure into the violence and excitement of religious revivalism. And these parents gave to the world a race of men and women sufficiently remarkable to exercise a powerful influence for good on millions of human beings.

The Reverend William Booth felt called of God to be an evangelist in which capacity he had marked success with many thousands of converts. But the Methodists had compelled him to take a circuit as a regular pastor. At this conference in 1861, William Booth had decided not to accept another pastorate and if his request for evangelistic work was refused, to resign from the church. His request was refused. Mrs. Booth, who was seated with other members of the public in a gallery, when questioned by a glance from her husband in the pews as to compromise, rose in her place and exclaimed in a determined voice which startled the business-like gentlemen below, "Never!" At that resolute exclamation Mr. Booth, we are told, sprang to his feet, and bowing to the chair, "waved his hat in the direction of the door." Amidst shouts of "Order, order," he passed down the chapel, met his wife at the foot of the gallery stairs, embraced her and went out to face the consequences of his act.

Without a friend and without a farthing, it was a black day indeed for him when he found himself actually cut adrift from his church. After seven years of devoted service, he was penniless; and this time he had a wife and children for whose care he and no other could provide.

By a strange chance it was Mrs. Booth who led the way out of the wilderness.

It was she, and not William Booth, who laid the first stone of The Salvation Army. While they were still living in East London, he was still thinking of taking a home in Sheffield, and establishing his family there. Mrs. Booth was invited to Rotham, in South East London, and thither she journeyed, in 1856, to conduct a series of missions. What she saw of the poor people, and particularly the work being done by the Midnight Movement, to restore fallen women, made an instant and overwhelming appeal to her heart. She resolved at once that here was the sphere for which she had prayed and longed ever since the conference in Ryde.



THOUGH JAPANESE EYES

How the Founder would have looked if he had been born Japanese is unconsciously shown by the Japanese artist who sketched for a Yokohama newspaper the scene of the Founder's visit to Japan had a powerful effect upon public opinion and upon the fortunes of the Army. He was greeted by the Emperor and had interviews with political and military leaders.

It was not Mrs. Booth, however, but William Booth, who conceived the idea of going into the streets of East London, penniless and unsupported, with the message of salvation. He made converts of the most degraded people and sent them to their churches and chapels; but many of them relapsed or just became formal, or did nothing to hasten the Kingdom of Heaven. It was a matter of more than ten years, after his coming to London, before William Booth perceived that the one way in which he could lastingly change men and women, was to make them, from the moment of their conversion, seekers and savers of the lost.

Only after many rebuffs from the churches did he strike out on those original lines which culminated in The Salvation Army.

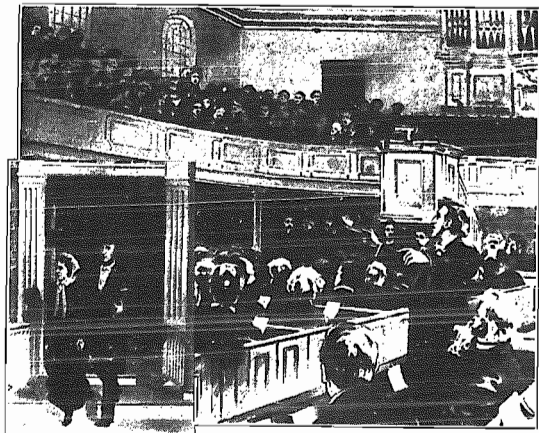
#### Held Meetings in a Tent

Services of a revival character were held first in an old tent erected on the Quakers' burying ground in Thomas Street, and afterwards in the open air in the Mile End Road. From the outset these services were well attended, and scarcely a meeting passed without several conversions—conversions which made acquainted William Booth with the strange character of East London whirlpool, since they were representative of nearly every class in the community.

William Booth himself has given the following account of his fresh movement in the city: "I saw multitudes of my fellow creatures not only without God and grace, but sunk in the most desperate form of wickedness and misery that can be conceived. I went out and looked on the wretched sons and daughters of debauchery and vice and crime who were all about me. The drunkenness, and riotousness, and pauperism, and slumdom, and blasphemy, and infidelity of these creatures had a fascinating effect upon me. I not only saw but compassionated the poor, sunk in the sin and wretchedness that beheld, and the everlasting woe that awaited them."

The incessant degradation and the multiplied misery of East London were to him like veritable and heart-breaking human cries for help; he could not pass a pace through these dreadful sights without acute suffering; he had no rest until he gave himself to the work of rescue.

He was faced by an almost boundless



AN HISTORIC AND MOMENTOUS DECISION

"Must I disobey the call of my God?" said William Booth at a church conference where he was asked for liberty to preach the Gospel to the poor. "Never!" cried Mrs. Booth from the gallery. They met at the door and went out hand in hand to face the consequences of the decision.

(Continued on page 11)



Toronto.

# THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth  
General Brunwell Booth

International Headquarters  
London, England

Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-  
dressed to The Editor.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** A copy of The  
War Cry (including the Special Easter and  
Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address  
in Canada for twelve months for the sum of  
\$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Sec-  
retary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg,  
Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside  
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

### APPOINTMENTS—

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones,  
from Lethbridge to Victoria.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey, from  
Regina I to Lethbridge.

Adjutant and Mrs. Junker, from Victo-  
ria to Calgary II.

Adjutant and Mrs. Fox, from Sub-  
scribers' Dept., Victoria to Brandon.

Adjutant and Mrs. Huband, from  
Medicine Hat to Regina I.

Adjutant L. Lawson, from Edmonton  
III to Drumheller.

Adjutant M. Hanson, from Edmonton  
II to Calgary II.

Adjutant J. Reader, from N. Battle-  
ford to Edmonton II.

Adjutant E. Stride, from Regina II to  
Edmonton III.

Ensign and Mrs. Sharpe, from Winni-  
peg VIII to Portage la Prairie.

Ensign and Mrs. Talbot, from Winnipeg  
II to Medicine Hat.

Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang, from  
Winnipeg IV to Prince Albert.

Ensign and Mrs. Parsons, from Nan-  
aimo to Nelson.

Ensign and Mrs. McEachern, from  
Portage to Vancouver III.

Captain and Mrs. Boyle, from Estevan  
to Winnipeg II.

Captain and Mrs. Hammond, from  
Drumheller to Regina II.

Captain and Mrs. Chapman, from  
Prince Albert to North Battleford.

Captain and Mrs. Collier, from Cal-  
gary I to Edmonton I.

Captain and Mrs. Coleman, from New  
Westminster to Nanaimo.

Captain E. Fay, from Winnipeg VII  
to Winnipeg VII.

Captain G. Roskelley, from Ft. Frances  
to Winnipeg IV.

CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lt.-Commissioner.

## Founder's Day Celebration at Winnipeg Beach

A Founder's Day Celebration will  
be conducted by the Commissioner at  
Winnipeg Beach on Thursday, July 1.  
The Chief Secretary, T.H.Q., Training  
Garrison and Social Staffs and all  
the City Corps Officers will take part  
in this.

On Sunday, July 4th, our Leader  
will conduct special Open-Air services  
at the Beach, assisted by the Chief  
Secretary and a number of T.H.Q.  
Officers. The No. III Band will supply  
the music. At these Meetings Lt.-Col.  
and Mrs. Phillips will say farewell  
previous to leaving Winnipeg for Van-  
couver, where they are going to reside.

## Winnipeg Home League

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Combs conducted  
a profitable Home League Spiritual Meet-  
ing at the Winnipeg Citadel on Monday  
afternoon last. Following some bright  
testimonies led by Mrs. Adjutant Curry  
and an inspiring address from Mrs.  
Combs, a sister who had been invited to  
the Mercy-Seat, afterwards gave a  
definite testimony to the saving power of  
Christ. As this Meeting was the last  
before the furlough season, the members  
of the Home League pledged themselves  
to endeavor to win at least one soul be-  
fore the continuance of the spiritual  
gatherings in the Fall.

# THE COMMISSIONER

## Conducts Helpful Holiness Meeting at Winnipeg Citadel

A BRIGHT and helpful Holiness-  
Meeting which proved of great  
blessing and encouragement to all who  
attended, was conducted by the Com-  
missioner in the Winnipeg Citadel on  
Friday, June 18th.

The Chief Secretary and Headquarters  
Staff supported our Leader and the  
Cadets Band supplied the music. Prayer  
was offered by Ensign Houghton and  
Brigadier Joy, while Adjutant Davies and  
Ensign Haynes sang a duet and Cadet  
Bowles soloed.

Testimonies from six Cadets were a  
feature of the gathering. Those who  
spoke were Cadets Cull, Taylor, Webster,  
Warren, Watt and Tait, their theme being  
the benefits they had received through the  
Training Garrison and their personal  
testimony to Full Salvation.

The Commissioner's address on "The  
Ministry of Unlikely Things," was a  
direct stimulus to those who excuse them-  
selves from doing nothing in the Lord's  
work because they do not feel able to do  
great things.

There are many who get into a state  
like this. It was said of a certain military  
officer that he was forever explaining why  
this and that had not been done until at  
last "he was fully embarked on an apologetic  
career." How many apologetic  
careers there are, and how many people  
there are who think an explanation of  
why they did not do right the moral  
equivalent of having done it.

Men with a handicap and a hundred  
reasons for not doing things, fill the world  
with the glory of having done them.  
The Bible is a great anthology of handi-  
caps.

Some striking instances of this were  
recalled by the Commissioner, who re-  
minded his hearers of Gideon and his  
valiant three hundred, of Samson doing  
such execution among God's enemies  
with only the jawbone of an ass as a

weapon, of the little Jewish maid who  
told Naaman of the prophet in Israel and  
of Shagar who slew 600 Philistines with  
an ox goad.

"God uses us because we are in His  
will, ready to His hand," said the Com-  
missioner. "We may be rough and ready  
sort of tools, but if we are willing to be  
used, God will use us in some way."

The Army has been made by unlikely  
instruments, by men and women who the  
world would never think were qualified for  
the task, yet they have gone forth in  
God's might and revolutionized the world.  
The lesson to us is that if God wants a job  
done He uses those to His hand to do it.  
The Salvation Army itself is the greatest  
encouragement to those who want to do  
something for God, but feel their in-  
sufficiency or weakness.

"If you want to be used by God you  
must in the first place be willing to be  
used. Then you must be willing to be  
used God's way. Further, you must be  
so willing that there shall be no reserva-  
tions in your consecration."

"If you come to God like that He will  
assuredly use you."

He concluded by uttering a solemn  
warning to those who were excusing  
themselves from service by the plea that  
they could do nothing worth while.  
"Remember the stern denunciation of our  
Lord on the conduct of the man who  
buried his one talent," he said. "God  
expects you to use even the smallest gift  
and to pay it at His feet."

During the Prayer-Meeting, a young  
German woman came forward and broke  
out into prayer in her native tongue.  
She felt very condemned, she confessed,  
over her slackness in working for God, but  
was now willing to let Him use her more.  
Her radiant face, as she rose from the  
Mercy-Seat, was eloquent testimony to the  
joy and peace she had obtained.

The gathering was brought to a close  
with prayer by the Chief Secretary.

## The Winnipeg Citadel Band Tour

### Tremendous Crowds at Vancouver and Victoria

THE visit of the Winnipeg Citadel Band to Vancouver was a great success.  
Fourteen to fifteen thousand people were thrilled by program in Stanley  
Park on Sunday afternoon. At night the First United Church was crowded  
half an hour before the commencement of the Meeting. Hundreds were  
turned away. An overflow Meeting was conducted in the No. I Citadel by  
Brigadier Layman.

The Festival on Monday night in the Wesley Church was a fitting climax  
to a soul-stirring musical weekend. It was a musical triumph. The whole  
city was stirred, and everybody was talking about the Salvation Army.

The Variety Theatre at Victoria was crowded to its utmost capacity on  
Saturday night. The City Authorities closed the doors. Brigadier Layman,  
Adjutants Aetion and Junker and all Officers, Band Locals, Bandsmen and  
Comrades have given unstinted co-operation and are to be congratulated on  
achievement.

The American tour was also a huge success. Officers declare that the  
Band's visit was worth a million dollars.

Bandsmen are in excellent spirits. They have excelled themselves  
musically and in real Salvationsim. Now on homeward trail to great  
Commissioning gathering.

### AT VICTORIA

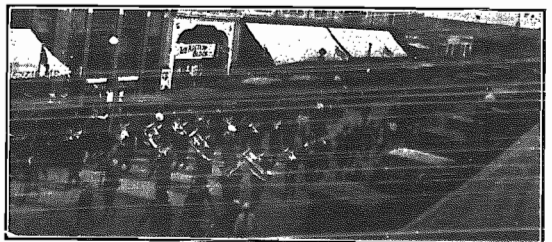
The Winnipeg Citadel Band arrived  
at Victoria at a little after noon on Sat-  
urday, the Victoria Citadel Band playing  
at the dock to welcome them.

The massed Bands marched round the  
business section and then halted at the  
corner of Yates and Government Streets,  
the identical spot, known as Campbell's

### Jon. Merritt, Staff-Captain

Corner, where thirty-nine years ago two  
women and one man Officer held the first  
Open-Air Meeting in Victoria.

Mayor Pendray, on behalf of the City  
of Victoria, welcomed the Winnipeg I  
Band and Staff-Captain Merritt delivered  
a letter from Mayor Webb of Winnipeg.  
This Mayor Pendray read to the assembled  
citizens.



The Winnipeg Citadel Band marching down the main street at  
Swift Current.

## PICKED UP

The Commissioner met the T.H.Q.  
Staff and Winnipeg City Officers in  
Council on Friday afternoon last and  
his inspiring address was a means of  
much spiritual help to all. He an-  
nounced that plans are being pro-  
ceeded with for the erection of the new  
Training Garrison and Grace Hospital  
extension, and that two homes for Old  
Men will shortly be opened in Alberta.

On Saturday, June 19th, Mrs. Com-  
missioner Rich opened the Fort George  
Home League Sale of Work. Mrs. Rich  
was accompanied by Mrs. Lt.-Colonel  
Phillips and Brigadier Goodwin, the  
latter conducting the opening song and  
prayer.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr have been ap-  
pointed to assist Staff-Captain Carnahan  
at Wrangell, Alaska.

Captain Sadie Christensen has been ap-  
pointed to open a new Corps at Van-  
couver, to be known as Vancouver VII.

Captain Chalk and Lieut. Stahl are  
the Officers selected to open new Corps  
at Cordova, Alaska. They will have the  
distinction of commanding the Corps  
nearest the North Pole.

Ensign F. Durin who has been Division-  
al Helper at Wrangell, Alaska, for the  
past two years, has now been transferred  
to the Subscribers' Department and will  
assist Staff-Captain Bourne at Vancouver.

Ensign Sully has been very ill in the  
Regina General Hospital but is now a  
little better. Remember her at the  
Throne of Grace.

The Sherbrooke St. Band, under Band-  
master N. Weir, at the request of the  
church authorities, furnished music at a  
gathering in St. Martins United Church,  
Elmwood, on Saturday afternoon last.  
A most agreeable note was the singing  
by the Bandsmen of, "What a Friend  
we have in Jesus," to the tune of "Hymn-  
dol."

The Band then played several marches  
and selections, and also played outside  
the Hudson's Bay Building. Master  
McIlhagga delighted the audiences with  
his rendition of the Chum Pledge, and  
Pauline Johnson's poem.

After a short rest at the Citadel the  
Winnipeg and Victoria Bands were con-  
veyed in trolley-cars to Butchart Gardens  
where they were entertained by Mr. and  
Mrs. Butchart, whose hospitality is known  
the world over. After supper they re-  
turned to town and played at the Empress  
(C.P.R.) Hotel to the delight of the  
guests and then marched to the Variety  
Theatre. The Festival was a magnifi-  
cent success.—A.E.T.

### AT SWIFT CURRENT

Captain and Mrs. Fleisher. On  
Saturday, June 12, we had with us the  
Winnipeg Citadel Band. On arrival at  
the Station where a large crowd had  
gathered the Band marched up the main  
street followed by the Bandsmen, the  
squad and Guards. The Band was then  
taken to the Hospital in cars, where the patients  
were given some good music. We wish  
to thank the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs  
for supplying the cars for the same.

At night a Musical Festival was held  
in the Metropolitan Church where a  
large crowd listened to two hours of  
delightful music and song. An Open-  
Air was held afterwards when a large  
crowd of people listened to the stirring  
testimonies of the visitors until the  
late hour of eleven o'clock. A luncheon  
was provided for the Bandsmen and staff  
by the members of the Home League,  
before they left to continue their journey  
Westward.—C.C.

Band Secretary May of Swift Current  
in a letter to Major Habkirk, says:  
"We were all delighted with the visit  
of the Winnipeg Citadel Band. We had  
never heard anything like it before. It  
was enjoyable, instructive and inspiring  
to us all. Our Bandsmen especially ap-  
preciated meeting the Winnipeg Bands-  
men personally."

A man who confessed to having entertained thoughts of suicide was amongst the seekers at Adoor, India, in a Meeting led by Lieut.-Colonel Perera recently.

# BENNY'S SUMMER CAMP

BENNY PETERS had never heard of a Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp until he met Lilybud. Lilybud could talk of nothing else, now that the days began to be long and drearily hot, for she had been to the Army camp the year before and could recount on her small fingers some of its many attractions. Her ready tongue could describe green grass, wild flowers and cool lakes until Benny ached to get away from his sordid surroundings to bask in the freedom of God's outdoors. For, joy of joys, Lilybud's mother had promised to try and get a ticket so that Benny might accompany them to the camp.

## A Crippled Hunchback

There were many other things, too, that Benny had never heard of until he met the bright-faced little girl just two years his junior. Benny was nine, and Benny, violet-eyed, brown-haired Benny, with the beautifully shaped head and intellectual forehead, was deformed, a poor crippled hunchback.

Benny was an orphan and lived with friends, upon whom he relied for his daily bread. The friends were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Seymour. Mr. Seymour worked sometimes; Mrs. Seymour took in washing and worked always. Benny was supposed not to be strong enough to go to school, but Mrs. Seymour considered him able to deliver heavy packages of laundry to her customers.

There were two things that Benny yearned for more than anything else in the world—a home in some place where he could raise plants and watch fragrant flowers come into blossom, and someone to bestow on him the love that he had seen given to other more fortunate children.

But as the days lengthened into weeks, into months, and into years, Benny's childish soul became hopeless—ever possessing either of these desirable things. So he trudged patiently each day, a crutch under one slender arm, and a heavy bundle of washing under the other. Other children laughed at the picture Benny presented, for youth is relentless in its sense of humor, and a pathetic little hunchback didn't seem pathetic to them.

Then there were the people who pitied Benny, and made sympathetic remarks in tones loud enough for him to hear. Benny hated the pity more than he did the laughter and the scorn.

## Small and White

But he had met Lilybud. Lilybud came to live in the house opposite to the Seymour's. Her mother was a poor woman too. No richer than Benny's friends. Instead of taking in washing, she took in sewing. Lilybud looked like her name—small and white, with delicately chiseled features, and a big halo of flaxen curls. She was plump and dimpled, and wore little short gingham dresses. Lilybud's mother was not like the other women in the street. She never stood out on the sidewalk gossiping, or shouting angrily, as some of the other women did. She dressed plainly and neatly and wore at her throat a little red Army pin. Every Sunday she and Lilybud went over to the Army Hall, a mile away. Once she had invited Benny to come, but Mr. Seymour would not agree to the boy attending "no religious place."

Benny was disappointed, of course, for he wanted to go with Lilybud, but he contented himself, as was his wont, with the things that were his, and reveled in the affection he knew Lilybud had for his frail self.

They had many secrets. For instance, Benny told Lilybud all about his dreams of a beautiful home in the country some day. It was easy to talk to the little girl. She never once mentioned his despised deformity—never seemed even to notice it—but always looked directly into his wistful, violet eyes.

"If only I could have just a teeny garden," he told her one day. "I wouldn't mind having this ugly old body." His voice was husky. It was the first time he had ever mentioned his infirmity.

Lilybud, seated on the edge of the sidewalk next to her friend, looked straight into Benny's big, sorrowful eyes. "You're awful beautiful to me, Benny," she whispered.



Lilybud, seated on the edge of the sidewalk, next to her friend, looked straight into Benny's big, sorrowful eyes.

## Will You Help to Send a Child to the Army's Fresh Air Camp?

Hundreds of needy little city children are looking forward wistfully for a chance to enjoy a ten day stay at the Camp this year, and scores of poor tolling mothers are hoping that they may be included in the list of those whom the Army is able to take to the lakeside for a much needed rest.

We are overburdened with applications from needy and deserving people this year and we appeal to our friends to generously aid us so that we can meet the need.

**\$25** will keep a mother and three children at the Camp for 10 days.

**\$5** will keep a boy or girl at the Camp for a week.

**\$1** will pay the expenses of a mother and child for one day.

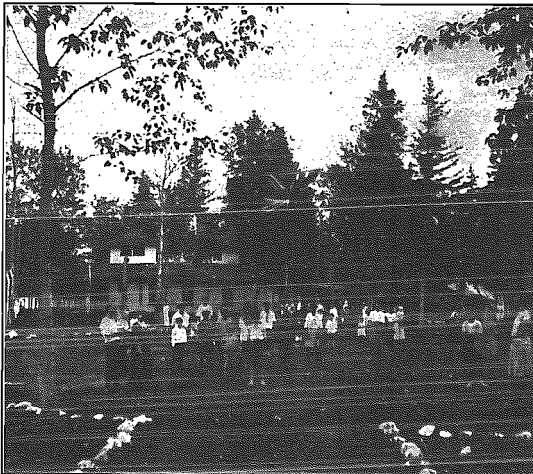
Send your contribution today. Use the coupon below. Every dollar helps.

To Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

I enclose \$..... to be used in giving mothers and children an opportunity to go to the Army's Fresh Air Camp.

Name.....

Address.....



SCENE AT THE ARMY'S FRESH AIR CAMP AT SANDY HOOK.

Your gifts make such outings possible for poor city children. They go back to their homes stronger in body, brighter in mind and richer in spirit.

Benny's heart gave a bound. No one had ever spoken to him like that. He could not speak, but Lilybud continued: "An' you have a lovely garden, too?" "My garden?" Benny looked puzzled. "Yes," said Lilybud gently, "it's the garden mother talks about in your heart. When you're horrid and bad, it's full of weeds, and when you're wonderful and good, like you are, it's full of pretty flowers. There aren't any weeds in your garden, Benny. I just know there aren't."

It was all very wonderful to the lonely little boy. Nights, when he laid his weary little body down, he would think about the garden of his heart, and in the daytime with Lilybud he would talk about the summer camp and the chances of his getting a ticket and going to enjoy at least ten short days in the sweet fields and fragrant woods. It became their chief topic, and Benny's was little face became almost merry in joyful anticipation of fulfilled desire.

Benny, when the chores for the day were done, would limp out to his favorite resting place on the sidewalk, and whistle softly. Then Lilybud would come out and the perfect ending of a day would begin for Benny. Tonight he did not have to whistle, for scarcely had he seated himself than a blue gown flashed down the steps of the house opposite. "Oh, Benny," a merry voice called ecstatically, "I've a piece of lovely news for you."

Benny's face lit up. He knew instinctively what Lilybud was going to say next.

She reached his side and joyously clasped his thin hand in her own. "We're going to the camp and you're going with us. Mother got three tickets from the Captain today. Isn't it wonderful, Benny dear?"

## Talked Till Darkness Fell

They talked until the hot sun went down behind the murky horizon of ugly buildings, and until the twilight shadows hid the hideously uneven rows of tenement houses—until darkness fell. Then Lilybud's mother called her to come home.

Halfway across the street the child paused to kiss her hand to the little hunchback. There was the sound of heavy wheels, a hurried honking, a scream, a flash of blue: A boy with a crutch rushed nimbly forward. People saw him leap up and hurl the blue bundle forward into safety, then disappear beneath the merciless wheels.

The first rays of the morning sun cast their warm beams across the white hospital cot where Benny lay, white and still, his bright head motionless against the snowy pillow, his high forehead peaceful, his mobile lips contented.

The violet eyes would never drink in the terrestrial joys of any summer camp, for they had opened to behold the sweet and ravishing fields of Eden. The transparent little hand upon the coverlet might never respond to earth-love's pressure, for it had clasped at last the loving hand of the Tender Shepherd.

## Canada East Newslets

Commissioner Sowton recently presided over three Graduation functions at Toronto, Windsor and London.

A rather important conference was held in the office of the Resident Secretary for Immigration at Montreal last week. This was called by Brigadier Pincher to consider certain changes and features of the work of the Department. Lieut. Colonels Tudge and Southall and Major Wright contributed to the discussion and some matters were referred by cable to the world-wide known chief of the Department—Commissioner Lamb.

The next day, word was received from London that Commandant and Mrs. Smith were to farewell and were appointed to take charge of Burnside Lodge, at Woodstock.

Adjutant and Mrs. Leech have been transferred to the central States, and Staff Captain Stanford is appointed Matron of Woodside Lodge, Toronto.



# Christ's Power in Soviet Russia

Brigadier Boije's Thrilling Memoir of a Salvation Army Meeting held in Novgorod, by Special Request of a Greek Orthodox Priest, when Every Seat Became a Mercy Seat and the Bolshevist Comrades were Deeply Moved and Very Gracious

BY E. COPPING

MANY persons who know the Russians, of whom there are more than a hundred millions, feel strongly and strangely drawn to them. The Russian peasants are devout, friendly, trusting, innocent, and smiling. Therefore one likes them. The Russian peasants are somewhat lazy, sometimes venous, and often of uncouth domestic habits. Nevertheless one likes them.

Grown-up, religious children—such form 99 per cent of the population. A country, like furniture, may be disguised by its surface. In Czar days a social veneer of pomp, opulence, and pampered privilege characterized the country. In these Soviet days an

was her privilege. And so there was no one to represent to talk of the country. Some personal experience of the Russian mind.

Historic happenings. "Perhaps it would be better," said Brigadier Boije, "to go to illustrate the needs of the Russian people, and afford a more spiritual receptivity." It was an account of a visit made of a day to Novgorod in October, 1918. Novgorod, which must not be confused with the larger town of Nizhny Novgorod, lies about a hundred miles south of Leningrad and is full of beautiful churches and other architectural

memorials of its splendid past. Not that the ancient history of Novgorod engaged much of our interest on the occasion I am about to describe. Rather were we under the influence of historic happenings of recent and current date.

The Great War, so far as Russia was concerned, had been over for a year, but the military pre-occupations of Russia were not at an end, and we in Leningrad, equally with our comrades in Moscow, had for long been cut off from all communications with the outside world.

Stress and Difficulties

"Things being as they were, perhaps it will be a little surprising that we should have been engaging in a Sunday campaign at so distant a point. An enterprise of the sort is a common enough incident in an ordinary Territorial Command—that of a country whose life is running smoothly under a long-established form of government. We, however,

were amid the stress and difficulties incidental to an epoch-making Revolution—stress and difficulties which I may say, clustered around railway travelling, for one thing. Yet we went to Novgorod—our little party consisting of a woman Captain, a man Captain, another brother Soldier, and myself. And we went because persons in Novgorod, and notably the leading priest of a monastery there, kept warmly inviting us to go. Why they did so we did not then know, but our Leader, Commissioner Larsen, felt constrained to do as the desired. To obtain permission for the journey came a protracted business, involving many formalities, and even when it was secured we had to stand for several hours waiting our turn to purchase railway tickets. Finally, we got on the train at about ten o'clock on the Saturday evening. Every compartment was crowded, and there was no possibility of getting seats. We, however, improvised parcels containing copies of the Russian 'War Cry' or 'Salvation Messenger,' as seats in the corridor. During the all-night journey we were indeed glad of the rest these parcels afforded us, even though we had to keep moving them to let people pass along the corridor. Sleep was out of the question, and the night on that crowded, dirty train, with its sickening atmosphere, seemed very long indeed.

"At our journey's end we were met by a friend who took us to his humble little home. We very much hoped to get some food, but he was only able to give us a cup of tea, made from dried black-currant leaves, and a piece of cured herring. We had been

longing for bread, but there was none to be had.

"This brother had secured the Town Hall for our Meeting, but, as we knew, there had been no opportunity or facilities for making the gathering known. So we had come provided with a rubber stamp, with which, on a corner of each copy of the 'War Cry,' we invited readers to the Meeting, which had been fixed for four o'clock that day. Having stamped the eight hundred papers, we mapped out Novgorod into four sections, one of which was allotted to each of us. Then off we individually went to sell our 'War Cry's.'

Never Before Seen

"It was a wonderful experience. Our Army had never before been seen in the town, and the people at first had no idea what we stood for. But they crowded round us, asking all manner of questions, and they listened eagerly to what we had to tell them. Were we a new Red Army?—that was what many asked. The association of an Army with Salvation—that took them quite by surprise. They proved particularly eager over the opportunity to get printed matter about religion. I remember on my round going into one of the little tea-houses, where there were many poor people seated. Like my comrades, I was very hungry; but I couldn't get a piece of bread in the tea-shop or anywhere. A little tepid water was all I succeeded in obtaining. We were hours and hours selling 'War Cry's' and announcing the Meeting.

"At three o'clock we met together by arrangement. Then we made up our minds to go back to the brother who had received us in the morning. Again he gave us black-currant tea and a piece of cured herring, but no bread. Then we went to the Town Hall, half an hour before the time for the Meeting. There were still some copies of the 'War Cry' to be sold. Not a soul was there! We were very disappointed and for there was going to be no Meeting. Still, we lit the lamps and made things ready. We had typed two songs and manifolded copies for distribution among the people. Between us we had a guitar and a concertina; and the tuning was finished and we had everything ready as the hour of four drew near. Then about two persons were seen peeping round at the door. We went and invited them in and they came, others soon following in considerable numbers. Shortly after four, indeed, the Hall was crowded with some four or five hundred persons. Some sat on the window sills and the backs of chairs. The front row included the head priest from the monastery with some other monks. I felt a little nervous as to what they would think.

Soon All Singing

"We began with 'Jesus, the name high over all,' which, of course, had been translated into Russian. I tried to teach those, especially among the Russians, being very musical, they quickly picked it up. They were soon all singing 'We have no other argument, we want no other plea.' Then came a prayer and the entire congregation went down on their knees and prayed with us. Up to that point a certain amount of quiet talking had been going on, especially among the young men and girls. But they were only trying to puzzle out among themselves what was going on, for you see, none of them had ever known a religious observance take place in any other building than a church. After the prayer I endeavored to explain what the Salvation Army was. Next, our lassie Captain sang a solo. Then our man Captain, a Russian Jew, who is very much alive, and walks about the platform, swinging his arms, while he speaks—gave an account of his conversion and the change it had wrought in his life. The people listened eagerly, making many audible comments of surprise and appreciation.

The Priest Speaks

"Then the old white-haired priest got up and took hold of the cross suspended from his black gown and asked very politely if he might be allowed to speak a few words. I was just a bit anxious, wondering what he would say, but of course he assented. Then he said, 'I do not know if I may go up on that holy place,' indicating the platform where we were seated. 'Yes, please come up,' I said; and the next minute he was standing with us and addressing the Meeting. He showed that he knew about the Army, and he mentioned General Booth, and addressing his own people of the Greek Church, he said: 'Now I want to recommend these brothers and sisters to you very warmly. They have come to this country to help us and bless us, and you must not look upon any of them as foreigners with a foreign religion.' Then, turning to us, he said, 'I would like you, when you go back to know land, to convey our warmest greetings, and thanks for having sent you to us.' He was a most delightful old man and spoke in a very warm-hearted way. After his

(Continued on page 12)



Brigadier Helmi Boije.

opposite extreme is exhibited to the world, and Russia represents menacing proletarian politics. But beneath the national surface there is little alteration. The moozhik tills a field and keeps his numerous grandchildren. In the hot summer, rye and potato crops prosper in the sunshine and mosquitoes are troublesome at dusk. In winter, all the family live under one roof with farmyard beasts, and snow sometimes falls continuously in the great white silence. True, there has been a pitiful shortage of tea (the Russian's chief delight) and of some other creature comforts. But no longer does the Imperial tax-gatherer ride haughtily into villages on his ruthless errand. Otherwise the picturesque, primitive world of rural Russia remains much as of yore and, as has been said, its backward, but most loyally, people continue to inspire those who know them with an affectionate desire to become their active friends.

Bigged, Lovable Russians

Of the latter, a notable example is Brigadier Boije, who lay near death's door in Leningrad five years ago, and whose departure from Russia was quickly followed by a compulsory closing of his Salvationist effort in that country. Since then, this devoted officer, who holds the Order of the Four Orders, has, during spells of restored health, commanded the Training Garrison in Copenhagen. But while finding abundant scope and blessing in that sphere of North European culture, the Brigadier still thinks with wistful yearning of the rugged, lovable Russians, so strangely distinct from every other people, for whom it



A typical Russian peasant.

# Salvation Despatches from the Territory

## Drum-head Capture at Moose Jaw

Winnipeg Citadel Band Marches Up the Main Street

Ensign and Mrs. Cubitt. A splendid start to the weekend's fighting was made on Saturday night at our Open-Air when, after an earnest appeal by the Winnipeg young man volunteered out to the drum-head and, we feel sure, was blessedly saved. All day Sunday God's power was felt. In the afternoon Mrs. Cubitt dedicated the infant daughter of Bandsman Mr. George Hill, Jr. At night Adjutant Kerry took the joyous trip being his farewell Meeting. Two persons held up their hands for prayer and we are believing that before long we shall see them at the Mercy-Seat.

An item of interest took place when, during the few minutes in which their train stopped at Moose Jaw, the Winnipeg Citadel Band marched up the main street, playing a stirring march tune. We were pleased to see our Comrades.

## Sherbrooke Street

"Rainbow" Brigade of Sunbeams Inaugurated—Two Surrenders at Night

Captain and Mrs. Ede. A bright Meeting was conducted on Thursday night, June 17, by Ensign Houghton and her Corps-Cadet, Mrs. Ede. The Corps-Cadets did excellently well and the Ensign's address from the epistle of Timothy was helpful to those present.

The Sunday Meetings, despite the rain, were well-attended and great blessing resulted. In the morning, Captain Ede in an inspiring address exposed the many crafty temptations of the Devil. The afternoon was given over to the Young People, when a very interesting Meeting was held. Adjutant Greenaway, Divisional Scout and Guard Organizer, was the chief visitor and following a bright report in which the Band rendered selections the Adjutant inaugurated the "Rainbow" Brigade of Sunbeams in an impressive little service. The Brigade, with their Leader, Nola Mewhort, numbering about a score, occupied the platform and looked smart in their uniforms.

Pouring rain did not hinder the crowd attending the Salvation Meeting to any extent and an inspiring time ensued. The Captain spoke on "Six Crowns," followed by a rousing Prayer-Meeting. A young man was spoken to about his soul by a fisher and realized that he would go to the Mercy-Seat when he felt led. The Meeting had almost closed when he suddenly volunteered forward and following his acceptance of Christ, gave a bright testimony.

After the Meeting closed a young woman under conviction sought restoration and claimed victory.

Deputy-Bandmaster Chable has gone on a three-month's business trip in the Province. The Deputy has been a great blessing in the Corps and has the good wishes of every Comrade.

## KEEPING MELFORT ON THE MOVE

Visitors Bring Blessings—Two Seekers

Captain Crego and Lieut. Bradbury. Melfort has been receiving much blessing and inspiration during the last few weeks. On Sunday, June 13, we were privileged to have our Divisional Commander with us, accompanied by Mrs. Gosling. From the early morning Knead drill until the close of the Salvation Meeting we felt God's presence very near and untold blessing resulted. Mrs. Gosling conducted a pleasing ceremony at night. C.C. Verla Gal was presented with a Bible by the Winnipeg Citadel Bible Society, this being a reward for the splendid marks she obtained on her Higher Grade Lessons during the past year. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Gosling met the members of the Home League and her words of counsel and commendation were very much appreciated. An hour or so

## Eight Seekers at Regina Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughy. Last Saturday night, despite the fact that Adjutant McCaughy and the Band were away at Lumsden we had a rousing Open-Air Meeting which proved a good start for the Sunday Meetings which were very good all day. On Monday night the Corps Cadets took the Meetings, both Open-Air and inside, and gave a good account of themselves. The Spirit of the Master seemed to hover over the Meeting. The address was given by the Corps Cadet Guardian who took for her subject, "The Rich Young Ruler." Before the close of the Meeting we had the joy of seeing eight souls at the Mercy-Seat seeking pardon, including a married couple. We believe that a definite work was done in their hearts.

On Thursday, June 10th, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tuttle conducted the Self-Denial Gathering in the Citadel, when we were joined by the Officers and Soldiers of Regina II. The Staff-Captain threw some slides on the screen, and also announced the Self-Denial results of all the Corps in the Division in this manner. These results were heartily applauded by all present, who were glad to see that the Divisional Target has been smashed again this year.—W.G.W.

## Visitor at MacLeod

Ensign Barker and Lieut. Littlely. On June 11, we were favored with a visit from Captain Middleton, who met a

## A RED-LETTER DAY AT ESTEVAN

Mother Pilots Husband, Son and Daughter-in-law to Mercy-Seat while Grandmother gives Blessing—Eight Seekers

Captain and Mrs. Boyle. Last Sunday we had a great day of rejoicing. The blessing commenced with the Open-Air on Saturday night and there was still more of it in the "Hot Roll" Knead drill on Sunday morning. Again in the Holiness Meeting when the Captain took as his text, "Come and dine," God's presence was felt in our midst and in the Prayer-Meeting a young man and his wife went out for Salvation. The young man's father, who has been saved about five weeks and who faithfully takes his stand for God, went out to the Mercy-Seat for Sanctification. The dear mother piloted them—all three. What a time of rejoicing there was when the seekers arose, saved and sanctified and embraced one another, while tears of joy ran down their cheeks. The dear old grandmother, who is eighty years of age, rose from her seat and came forward to bless the young people.

For the Salvation Meeting the Hall was filled; we had good singing and some red-

hot testimonies. Mrs. Boyle took the subject of her lesson, "Redeeming the time," and in the Prayer-Meeting God's power was manifested when one man, whose home was broken up as a result of his drinking habits, his wife and family leaving him home to the Mercy-Seat. He was shortly afterwards followed by a backslider, and we had a hard battle for this man's soul. His wife and daughter are Soldiers, the latter being a Corps Cadet and Band member.

One Comrade said he had never seen the like of this Sunday since he came into the Army, and another said he would gladly go twenty-eight miles to see another day of victories like this one. "We rejoiced to see the seekers rise from the Mercy-Seat with a determination to be true and faithful. It was certainly a Red-Letter Day and the Meeting closed at a late hour with much rejoicing over the eight souls which had been registered for the day.—A.M.

## Vancouver Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Aetion. On a recent Sunday morning Adjutant Aetion laid great stress on the advantages of a sanctified life. Brother Pitman from Calgary was given a hearty welcome into our midst, as was Lieutenant V. Jackson, who was home on furlough. In the afternoon the Adjutant brought vividly be-

## Guards Entertain

Mothers and Babies

Fernie Features Varied Y.P. Activities

Captain Stratton and Lieut. Corsie. On a recent Saturday afternoon the Guards entertained at the Cradle Ball members and their mothers. A program was provided after which tea was served, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

We were pleased to have a visit from Captain Morrison for the week-end of May 30th. The Captain was a welcome visitor to the Directory Class and Company Meeting. His words were of great blessing to our young people. The Captain was encouraged to see so many taking such a definite stand, and enjoyed hearing their bright testimonies.

In the Holiness and Salvation Meetings God came very near, and after a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting at night, our soul sought Salvation, praise God!

On Thursday night we had a service entitled "The Auction Sale of Children." The children gave the program, and the parts were well done. The people were so delighted we have been asked to repeat this at Coal Creek.—"Warrior."

## Interesting Events at Melville

D.C. and T.Y.P.S. Conduct Inspiring Meetings—Two Soldiers Enrolled Seeker's Darkness Turned to Light

Captain Stocks and Captain Smith. Since our last report we have had some very interesting and helpful times in our Corps. Our Open-Airs have been much better attended lately with splendid crowds listening on Saturday evenings. Special services included an enjoyable weekend with Staff-Captain Treble who conducted the enrollment of two new Soldiers. We also had a visit from Brother Sims who addressed a large crowd of children in the afternoon and conducted an inspiring Meeting at night.

Our Self-Denial Effort concluded with a smashed Target and much satisfaction and joy in the hearts of all the Soldiers and Recruits. The result of the Day was really fine, this being \$85.00. Some of our Soldiers are working away from the Corps in country places, missing them very much indeed, but are made glad by victorious reports in their letters.

On a recent Sunday evening we rejoiced over one soul at the Mercy-Seat. The brother was so unused to Army methods that he did not even understand that he was at the Penitent Form. He praised God! he rose with the joyous light of Salvation shining in his face.—A.S.

## NEVER GIVE UP!

By THE FOUNDER

A young fellow, some time ago, went to the Penitent-Form and professed to get saved, and started to serve God. But, alas! he fell away. However, he did not give up. He tried again; alas! he fell again. Now would you believe it, he tried nineteen times, and nineteen times he went wrong again? But he did not give up even then. He tried once more, and at the twentieth time he got right hold of God, and God got right hold of him, and this time he kept on. Many years have passed away since then, and he has had a useful career, and is now a leading officer in the Army. You must never give up.

Oh, this giving up is the ruin of many. They go wrong here. They start well; they mean right; they intend to go all the way; but, alas! something happens, they make a slip, and then they say, "There, I've broken it—I'm done." Then they lose heart and think, "It's no use my trying again."

Now, whatever happens, you must not give up. No, a thousand times no. You must say, "I don't mean to break. I hope I'll never go wrong. I'll pray and do my best to keep right; but if I do break, I'll try again. I'll never give up!"

number of young people in the afternoon, in connection with the Scout and Guard Movement. The prospects here are good for a Sunbeam Brigade. At night the Captain conducted a Meeting, when all present were helped and blessed.—B.L.C.V.

fore our minds the need of being right with God and preparing for the Lord's great Day. At night, following an appropriate solo by Sister Mrs. Stanton, Adjutant Aetion proclaimed the word of God to a capacity audience.—A.K.A.

of the Meeting at the close of which two young men sought the Saviour. As Melfort is the home Corps of these two Officers their visits are always looked forward to and their help in the Corps is appreciated.

Our numbers have been augmented by the arrival of two Comrades from Saskatoon II. Bandmaster, and Mrs. Carter. These Comrades are real Salvationists and we give them a hearty welcome to our Corps.

We are praising God for a great Self-Denial victory. The Effort was attacked with great enthusiasm and the Comrades all did well, and we are thus able to report a large increase over last year's total. We feel that special mention should be made of Captain Crego's assistance during the Effort. His enthusiasm was catching and the Target was well smashed for all the Comrades "had a mind to work."

"Zacheus."

On a recent Sunday night Captain's Parkinson and Halvorsen were in charge

## OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

## The Calling of Elizabeth

Being the Autobiography of a Canadian Woman Officer

## Chapter I

## THE LITTLE LOG HUT AT BARRIE

GEORGE ADAMS emigrated to Canada with his young wife and first child in the early seventies. He had fond dreams of owning a farm, and so, leaving Bessie, his wife, with the baby in Toronto, he pushed on by boat and on foot to Muskoka. There he staked out his farm, put a brush fence about it, and began to dig a well. He then became convinced of the impossibility of making any income from it for years to come. He was terribly bitten by mosquitos and black flies, so he decided to leave it, and get a job in some town.

He went some forty miles south by foot and by boat, and arriving in Barrie, a small thriving town, camped two nights in the open. What was the use of spending precious money for lodgings? Then he found work in a brick yard. He was ambitious and artistically inclined as any young man of twenty-five years of age, but Bessie and the baby had to be provided for, and so, although rather light and frail of build for such heavy toil, nevertheless he undertook it.

The longing to possess his own home was still strong upon him, and with his first earnings he bought four acres of land covered with small brush and some timber. Very soon he had arranged the logs for one room, covered it with a roof, and put in a floor, two windows and a door. Then he sent for Bessie and the baby to come home. They were poor, but oh! so happy.

Then their first winter came. The snow rose several feet about their cabin, and mountains high in the drifts. The pines sighed and creaked as they swayed in the storms, and the zero weather was terrible. Bessie always had a good supply of wood and frequently the stove was red hot. At night they covered the beds with the warm Paisley shawls which Bessie had worn so proudly in her girlhood, and when exceptionally cold, the mats, always clean, were utilized and aided in keeping out the frost. Very often in the mornings the snow which had blown in through the cracks in the cabin lay in rifts across the bed.

Then came their first Christmas in Canada, and with it tender thoughts of

their English home. In the morning, smiling reassuringly as he handed him a bulky parcel and a letter from England. How happy George was as he made his way home to the cabin. Here Bessie and the five year old girl waited as George cut the string and opened the parcel. A nice print cotton dress for the baby, with three bows of blue ribbon on it; a handkerchief for Bessie with her monogram, and a pair of socks for George. And they opened Grandma's lovely motherly letter with the pressed chrysanthemum blossom gathered from the pot in the window seat at home, and the small Christmas card,



Sunday morning in the old Barrie homestead.

fires burned brightly within. Bessie had baked some sprays of cedar with which the little place abounded, and the wee log cabin bore quite an air of festivity. Bessie cooked the dinner, including the very fine Christmas pudding which she knew so well how to make, and George went to town to see if, possibly Santa Claus would come by mail. He spoke as indifferently as possible when he asked the old postmaster if there was anything for George Adams, but the postmaster

adorned with the little English robin with a very red breast, and the holly and the mistletoe, a typical English card. Only very homesick English emigrants can guess how precious all this simple expression of love and thought was to George and Bessie and the girl. "After all," said Bessie, as they blew out the lamp preparatory to going to sleep, "Christmas in Canada is nearly as good as it is in England."

A little after the New Year a revival

began in the little church in the town. George trudged sturdily through the deep snow, and attended the service and soon became convinced that he was a sinner, and greatly in need of God's saving grace. In time, he, with others, knelt at the altar railing, and confessing their sins, found salvation through faith in Christ's atoning blood. At once he set up the family altar and Bessie thoughtfully regarded him, and longed, too, to be saved. But she did not go to the services, the baby must be cared for and the fire kept burning, for wood burns out so soon. Then also there was another reason, which was perhaps, the strongest for not going out often during that first cold winter in Canada. She was glad George was saved, for sometimes she had felt he was lacking in some essentials which go to make a good husband, and she would not keep him at home to bear her company, no, not for a thousand worlds. So she kept the longing to be also converted a secret from him, and did not yet know the same peace through believing. When the holy month of May came, and the melted snows having sunk into the ground, gave place to the grass and trees and the flowers, when the old world smiled as though it had never known a winter—wee Elizabeth was born.

Four years passed away and two more children came to the emigrants' home, with the eldest, making the number four.

It was Sunday morning, and within the dear old homestead at Barrie all was happy. Elizabeth, now aged four, and her younger sister, Mary, were preparing for the great event of the week, the church Sunday school. Seated before the older sister of ten years, who held temporarily the position of teacher, they were eagerly devouring the message. Today the lesson was to be on the "Transfiguration." The only help this teacher possessed was a small card. On one side of this card was depicted the glory of the Mount, and by means of much glib, the picture itself proved a wondrous attraction to the eyes of the two tiny scholars. On the other side of the card—that upon which the teacher based her remarks—was the printed lesson in abbreviated form, supplemented by the "Golden Text" and "Truths" to be instilled into these young minds. At the end of the story, the text, "This is my beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased," was recited by each child in turn and so the lesson concluded.

Such are the first memories connected, by Elizabeth, with her early childhood. Although the class was small, and the methods very primitive, yet Elizabeth admits that the preparation gained unconsciously by at least one of the scholars, for the lessons to be learned later in life, proved both educational and spiritual.

(To be continued)

## Officers are Wedded

Captain J. Sullivan and Lieutenant A. Sweetman United in Marriage at Vancouver

A very pleasing ceremony was held in the Vancouver 11 Hall on Thursday evening, June 9th, when Brigadier Layman conducted the wedding of Captain John Sullivan of the Men's Social Department, and Lieutenant Annie Sweetman of the Staff of the Vancouver Maternity Hospital. Long before the hour announced for the ceremony, the Hall, which had been prettily decorated by Mrs. Captain Martin, was crowded to capacity and much interest was evinced by the guests, who were respectively by Captain H. Martin and Captain Partridge took their places on the platform, to the tune of a lively pianoforte march. The Meeting opened with the singing of that appropriate song, "Oh, how ready," after which Lieut. Colonel Martin prayed that God would bless our Officer-Comrades in their future life. Major Cummins read the Twenty-third Psalm, after which Brigadier Layman conducted the wedding ceremony.

Adjutant McAnley, under whom Mrs. Captain Sullivan has worked for the past eight months, paid tribute to her service, her willingness and her love for duty. Major Cummins spoke on behalf of Captain Sullivan. Captain Martin, who at one time was a Soldier at the Winnipeg Citadel when Captain Sullivan was stationed there as assistant, spoke words of

appreciation and thanks. He also read some congratulatory telegrams. Captain Partridge spoke on behalf of Mrs. Sullivan. After this both Captain and Mrs. Sullivan, by their ringing testimonies, proved that they are out and out for God and His Kingdom.

A word of appreciation to the Band would not be out of place. Despite the fact that they had had an engagement the previous night, a hundred per cent Band was present at the wedding of these two Officers, who have been hard-working Soldiers of Vancouver 11 during their stay in the city.

Captain Sullivan was a member of the "Valiant" Session of Cadets, and was Commissioned in 1923 as Lieutenant and appointed as assistant to Commandant Carroll at Winnipeg Citadel. From there, he went to Swan River and was then appointed to Maple Creek. He is now in the Men's Social Department, Vancouver. Mrs. Sullivan was a member of the "Warrior" Session, and was Commissioned in 1925 to the Vancouver Maternity Hospital, with the rank of Lieutenant.—S.C.P.

## William Booth

(Continued from page 5)

hostility and an almost boundless indifference. Surrounded by his little band of disciples he confronted the ridicule, the hatred, the scorn, and the bitter malice of perhaps the most destitute and degraded place in the world. It was like preaching in hell.

## The Salvation Army, 1878

At the same time when he transformed The Christian Mission into The Salvation Army and became a figure of world-wide significance and a target for bitter hatred and scorn of nearly the whole community, William Booth had made himself master of The Christian Mission.

With this revolution in the machinery of the Mission a fresh impetus was given to its work, both in London and the provinces. It became, one may say, from that moment, The Salvation Army. Men and women surrendered their lives to the inspiration of William Booth, went wherever he ordered them to go, did whatsoever he bidden them to do, and suffered without murmur or complaint, hardships hardly to be exceeded at the most distant boundaries of the Foreign Mission Field.

The account of the August Congress tells us that the Mission "has organized a Salvation Army to carry the Blood of Christ and the Fire of the Holy Ghost into every corner of the world."

At that time the volunteer military movement was established and was receiving derivative treatment at the hands of the public. The phrase occurred in the article which Mr. Raitton was writing, "We are a volunteer army."

William Booth leaned over Mr. Raitton's shoulder, took the pen from his hand and scratched out the word "Volunteer" and wrote in its place the word "Salvation."

"The effect," says Mr. Bramwell Booth,

"of that one word upon Raitton and me" was really quite extraordinary. We both sprang from our chairs. I remember that I exclaimed "Thank God for that!" and Raitton was equally enthusiastic.

The decision really marked the beginning of the policy which we make. The Salvation Army world-wide. The old question of limiting or narrowing its messages in any way was now settled forever. The change of name meant an actual warfare upon sin and apathy. It meant a forward movement; it was a declaration of war.

We must now break from this interesting narrative by Harold Begbie and finish by giving a few details with regard to the astonishing growth of the movement.

From one small Mission in the East End of London The Salvation Army has spread throughout the world until today its flag flies in eighty-one different countries and colonies. Its officers, preachers, Salvationists in fifty-three different languages, its Corps and Institutions number 16,000, over 21,000 Officers and Cadets spend their entire time in Salvation Army work, 36,000 Bandsmen publish the glad tidings with their music, 87,000 Local Officers give strength and stability and local direction to its operations and it issues ninety-five different "War Cries" and other periodicals with a circulation of 1,500,000 per issue.

This is the living monument which has been erected to the glory of God and to the memory of our beloved Founder, William Booth.

# FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATION

will take place at

## SANDY HOOK and WINNIPEG BEACH

On THURSDAY, JULY 1st

## THE COMMISSIONER in Command

Assisted by the CHIEF SECRETARY, T.H.Q. Training Garrison and Social Staffs and all Winnipeg City Officers

Also on SUNDAY, JULY 4th

Special open air meetings will be held at Winnipeg Beach

The Winnipeg III Band will supply the music

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips will say Farewell

## We are looking for you

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 318 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every expense, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1108—Fenton, Alexander, 37 years of age; 190 lbs.; height 6 ft.; dark complexion. Born in Ireland. Grey hair, blue eyes. Was lumbering in British Columbia when last heard of. Mother is anxious to hear from him.

1107—Covine, Wilmet, English, 19 years of age; 6 ft., 6 in.; 120 lbs.; fair hair; blue eyes. Single. Missing since August 1925; going to Saskatchewan.

1109—McClough, Harold Roy, Age 33; 5 ft., 6 in.; 160 lbs.; fair complexion; grey eyes; straight hair. May be working in shipyards at Prince Rupert, B.C. Missing for about two years.

1111—McLaren, William, Missing three years. Worked on the railroad. Anyone knowing his present address please communicate with us at once.

1114—Nielsen, Anders Peter Thorsvald, 31 years of age. Danish. Will likely be engaged in farming. Wife enquiring.

1117—Uelberg, Hans O., Immigrated to America 22 years ago. For some time lived in Minnesota, later moved to British Columbia. Missing for 17 years. May have changed his name to Hanson or Davand. Parents anxious for news.

1118—Hansen, Johan Wilhelm, Norwegian. Single, 34 years of age; medium height; blonde hair; blue eyes. Missing six years. Trade: carpenter. Sister is anxious for news.

1108—Kay, Mrs. Margaret B. (nee Waring), Age 60; height 5 ft., 4 in.; light hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; house-keeper. British. News awaits her. (See photo)



S. J. Langum

Mrs. M. B. Kay.

996—Langum, S. J., Scandinavian. Height 5 ft., 9 in.; weight 170 lbs.; black hair; blue eyes; yellow complexion. Farmer. Missing since September, 1924. May be in the vicinity of Regina. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate with us. (See photo)

## Christ's Power in Soviet Russia

(Continued from page 9)

brief address I asked for the collection and it proved a good one, for the Russians are very generous and would give their last penny where their affections are engaged. From very restricted means, every one tried to give something. Following the collection I read from the Bible and spoke, trying, in the concluding part of my address, to make the occasion a real one of decision. Finally, I asked if there were any who were resolved to follow Christ, whereupon the whole congregation rose to their feet! I thought they did not understand, and so explained that if any wished to lead a new life, would they come forward and kneel at the Mercy-Seat. Then came the wonderful sight of the entire Meeting kneeling. To come forward was of course physically impossible in the throne, and when they had made an unavailing effort to advance they all knelt down where they were and every seat became a Mercy-Seat. It was a wonderful occasion, full of blessing, I think, for us all.

"That Meeting did not finish till eight o'clock. When it was over everybody wanted to come forward and shake hands and stay on to converse. One of those present was a representative of the Soviet Government, the Commissar of the town, and he came to me at the close of the gathering with a request that I would visit the office of his department on the following morning, as he wished to speak with me. He had been among those deeply moved during the Meeting, and his manner was very cordial and friendly. However, it was important that I should travel back to Leningrad by the night train, and so I arranged for our man-Officer to stay behind and visit the Commissar. He did so, and at the interview next morning the Commissar asked if the Army was intending permanently to establish itself in the town. Our Officer explained the position as best he could, and the Commissar then gave formal authority for the Army freely to work in Novgorod, and he promised to render us all the assistance in his power. Unfortunately, it was not immediately possible to go back to Novgorod, and later on our work in Russia was closed down."

The Brigadier, having concluded her account of the Novgorod Meeting, was asked if the occasion were not, in its spiritual aspect, of an exceptional character.

"No," came the reply. "The cir-

## Saskatoon II Notes

Adjutant and Mrs. Norberg. On Sunday, May 30, we had two Comrades with us from other parts of the Territory namely, Brother Dibble, late of New Westminster and now of Melfort, and Bandsman Roberts of Winnipeg VIII. Both these Comrades are travelling salesmen and rejoice in God's Salvation. They fought well with us in Open-Air and inside Meetings, Bandsman Roberts ably assisting our struggling Band. We regret that Bandsman Carter has been absent for a number of weeks, owing to the fact that he is now working in Melfort.

We recently welcomed to our Corps Brother Huston of Battleford, although he is not able to be with us much owing to his work taking him away frequently.

One secker volunteered to the Mercy-Seat on Sunday night, getting through well by the help of a Corps-Cadet. On Sunday, June 5, Captain Stocks took the lesson and we rejoiced over one soul. On this occasion Captains Carswell and Neill, and Captain and Mrs. Philp were with us, assisting in many ways. Envoy Mephram gave an address on "The City Four-square."

Other visitors to the Corps recently have been Brother and Sister Pickering from the Old Country. Brother and Mrs. Wright from Vancouver were also here for a weekend before going on to Winnipeg.—J.A.P.

## Two Souls at Weyburn

Capt. M. Gardner and D. Henderson. Sunday, June 20, we had with us two of the Melville Comrades who are at present in positions at Woodrow, Sask. Their enthusiasm and cheerfulness, along with their earnestness concerning the Kingdom of God won their way into the hearts of the Weyburn Comrades.

The Sunday morning Message was given by Candidate E. Engle and proved a blessing to those present. Bro. J. Engle did his part at the Drum and in the testimonies; Bro. J. Downey read the scriptures at night.

The efforts of the day were crowned with great rejoicing over two souls at the Cross. To God be the glory.—S.I.

circumstances of the invitation, and the fact of going on such a distant campaign at such a time certainly were exceptional, but there was really nothing unusual in the fervor of the people or their preparedness and eagerness to receive the Message. That represented a constant experience with us, not only in the city, but more notably in the constant succession of two-week campaigns we prosecuted, right up to the last, in surrounding villages."

## Coming Events

LT.-COLONEL McLEAN

Vancouver Prison ..... Sun., Aug. 1  
Chilliwack ..... Sat.-Thurs., Aug. 7-12

STAFF-CAPTAIN HANSELL AND  
ADJUTANT DAVIES

Portage la Prairie ..... Thurs., July 8  
Indian Head ..... Fri., July 9  
Regina ..... Sat., Sun., July 10, 11  
Moose Jaw ..... Mon., July 12  
Swift Current ..... Tues., July 13  
Maple Creek ..... Wed., July 14  
Medicine Hat ..... Thurs., July 15  
Calgary ..... Fri.-Sun., July 16-18  
Victoria ..... Wed., July 21

ADJUTANT DAVIES

Penticton ..... Tues., Aug. 10  
Nelson ..... Thurs., Aug. 12  
Cranbrook ..... Fri., Aug. 13  
Fernie ..... Sat., Sun., Aug. 14, 15  
Macleod ..... Tues., Aug. 17  
Red Deer ..... Thurs., Aug. 19  
Wetaskiwin ..... Fri., Sat., Aug. 20, 21  
Edmonton ..... Sun.-Tues., Aug. 22-24  
Vernerville ..... Wed., Aug. 25  
Vermilion ..... Thurs., Aug. 26  
N. Battleford Fri., Sat., Aug. 27, 28  
Kamsack ..... Tues., Aug. 31  
Humboldt ..... Sun., Aug. 29  
Portage la Prairie ..... Wed., Sept. 1

## Lethbridge

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones. On Sunday, June 13, in the absence of the Commandant, who was attending special Meetings at Calgary, the Meetings were taken by Corps Sergeant-Major Mundy and throughout the day they were well attended. Some good work was done, despite the fact that there were no definite decisions.

Recently we had the pleasure of a visit from Captain Middleton, Divisional Scout and Guard Organizer. A hearty welcome was extended to the Captain from a gathering of more than fifty Scouts and Guards. He delivered an address on the work of the Life-Saving Organization. Lieutenant L. Joyce was recently here on a visit of three weeks, and we were pleased to see him. The Lieutenant came out of Lethbridge Corps.—J.M.C.

A most unusual crowd was present for today the corner stone of the Citadel at Danville, Illinois. Besides the large number of business and professional people there was a band of Sioux Indians from the Pine Ridge Reservation. Among these was Sitting Bull Jr., youngest son of the famous war chief Sitting Bull.